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F L I G H T S

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F A N C Y.

By the Rev^d. THOMAS PENROSE,

CURATE OF NEWBURY, BERKS.

LONDON, Printed:

And sold by J. WALTER, *Charing-Cross*, and J. WILLIS at *Newbury*.

M.DCC.LXXV.

RIGHTS

FANCY.

By the Rev. THOMAS PENNOC.

QUARTER OF NEWBURY STREET.

LONDON: HARRIS.

And sold by J. WATTS, George Street, and J. WATTS, 11, New Street.

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T H E
H E L M E T S,

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F R A G M E N T.

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THE Scene of the following Event is laid in the Neighbourhood of Donington Castle, in a House built after the Gothic Taste, upon a Spot famous for a bloody Encounter between the Armies of Charles and the Parliament.

The Prognostication alludes to Civil Dissention, which some have foretold would arise in England, in Consequence of the Disputes with America.

The H E L M E T S.

—'T WAS midnight—every mortal eye was closed
Thro' the whole mansion—save an antique
Crone's,

That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken sleep (fell harbinger of Death)
Of a sick Boteler.—Above indeed
In a drear gallery (lighted by one lamp
Whose wick the poor departing Seneschall
Did closely imitate,) paced slow and fad
The Village Curate, waiting late to thrive

The

The Penitent when 'wake. Scarce shewed the ray
 To Fancy's eye the pourtrayed characters
 That graced the wall—On this and t'other side
 Suspended, nodded o'er the sleepy stair,
 In many a trophy formed, the knightly groupe
 Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
 And horses' furniture—brave monuments
 Of antient Chivalry.—Thro' the stain'd pane
 Low gleamed the Moon—not bright—but of such power
 As marked the clouds, black, threatening over head,
 Full mischief-fraught;—from these in many a peal
 Growled the near thunder—flashed the frequent blaze
 Of lightning blue.—While round the fretted dome
 The wind sung furly: with unusual clank
 The armour shook tremendous:—On a couch
 Plac'd in the Oriel sunk the Churchman down:

For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
 Could bear portentous prodigy?—

“ I hear it,” cries the proudly gilded Casque
 (Filled by the soul of one, who erst took joy
 In slaughterous deeds) “ I hear amidst the gale
 “ The hostile Spirit shouting—once—once more
 “ In the thick harvest of the spears we’ll shine,
 “ There will be work anon.”——

———“ I’m ’wakened too,”

Replied the fable Helmet (tenanted

By a like inmate) “ Hark!—I hear the voice

“ Of the impatient Ghosts, who straggling range

“ Yon summit, (crown’d with ruined battlements

“ The fruits of civil discord) to the din

“ The Spirits, wandering round this gothic pile,

“ All

“ All join their yell—the song is War and Death.—

“ There will be work anon.”

—————“ Call armourers, Ho !

“ Furbish my vizor—*close my rivets* up—

“ I brook no dallying”—————

—————“ Soft, my hasty friend,”

Said the black Beaver, “ Neither of us twain

“ Shall share the bloody toil—War-worn am I,

“ Bored by a happier mace, I let in fate

“ To my once master,—since unfought, unused

“ Penfile I’m fixed—yet too your gaudy pride

“ Has nought to boast,—the fashion of the fight

“ Has thrown your gilt, and shady plumes aside

“ For modern foppery ;—still do not frown,

“ Nor lour indignantly your steely brows,

“ We’ve

“ We’ve comfort left enough—The bookman’s lore
 “ Shall trace our fometime merit ;—in the eye
 “ Of antiquary taste we long shall shine :
 “ And as the Scholar marks our rugged front,
 “ He’ll say, This *Cressy* saw, that *Agincourt* :
 “ Thus dwelling on the prowess of his fathers,
 “ He’ll venerate their ^{*Shell*} ~~fall~~.—Yet, more than this,
 “ From our inactive station we shall hear
 “ The groans of butchered brothers, shrieking plaints
 “ Of ravished maids, and matrons’ frantic howls,
 “ Already hovering o’er the threatened lands
 “ The famish’d Raven snuffs the promised feast,
 “ And hoarslier croaks for blood—’twill flow.”

—————“ Forbid it, Heaven !

“ O shield my suffering country !—shield it” prayed
 The agonizing Priest.

“We’ve come in late enough—’tis too late!”

“Shall we see our sometime merit;—in the eye?”

“Of antiquary taste we long shall think;

“And as the Scholar marks our rugged front,

“He’ll say, ‘This Cypriote, that Agamemnon!’

“Thus dwelling on the growth of his father’s

“He’ll remember their day—Yes, more than that!”

“From our inactive station we shall hear

“The groans of butchered brothers, thinking

“Of ravished maid, and matrons’ frantic wail;

“Already hovering o’er the threatened land,

“The famish’d Raven finds the promised prey;

“And hoarser crows for blood—’tis all the day!”

“Forbidden is Heaven!”

“O shield my suffering country!—shield it, pray!”

“The agonizing Priest,”

“The agonizing Priest,”

“The agonizing Priest,”

“The agonizing Priest,”

“The agonizing Priest,”

“The agonizing Priest,”

THE
C A R O U S A L
Of O D I N.

FILL the honeyed bev'rage high,

Fill the Sculls, 'tis ODIN's cry:

Heard ye not the powerful call,

Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?

“ Fill the meath, and spread the board,

“ Vaffals of the grievly Lord.”—

The portal hinges grate,—they come—

The din of voices rocks the dome.

In stalk the various forms, and drest

In various armour, various vest,

With helm and morion, targe and shield,

Some *quivering lances couch*, some biting *maces wield* :

All march with haughty step, *all* proudly shake the crest.

The feast begins, the Scull goes round,

Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.

The gust of War subsides—E'en now

The grim Chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged
brow.

“ Shame to your placid front, ye Men of Death ! ”

Cries *Hilda* with disordered breath.

Hell ecchoes back her scoff of shame
 To th' inactive rev'ling Champion's name.
 " Call forth the Song," she scream'd;—the Minstrels
 came——

The theme was glorious War, the dear delight
 Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

" Joy to the Soul," the Harpers sung,
 " When, th' embattled ranks among,
 " The steel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,
 (" Banners waving o'er his plume)
 " Foremost rides, the flower and boast
 " Of the bold determined host!"

With greedy ears the Guests each note devour'd,
 Each struck his beaver down, and grasped his faithful sword.

The

The Fury mark'd th' auspicious deed,

And bad the Scalds proceed.

“ Joy to the Soul ! a joy divine !

“ When conflicting armies join ;

“ When trumpets clang, and bugles found ;

“ When strokes of death are dealt around ;

“ When the sword feasts, yet craves for more ;

“ And every gauntlet drips with gore.”—

The charm prevailed, up rush'd the maddened throng,

Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,

Fierce ODIN's self led forth the frantick band,

To scatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land.

M A D N E S S.

M A D N E S S.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the Muse's fires!

All thy answers, Eccho, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis Madness self inspires.

Hail,

Hail, awful Madnefs, hail !

Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,

Far as the Voyager spreads his 'ventrous fail.

Nor beft nor wifeft are exempt from *thee*;

Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark !—To the aftonifhed ear

The gale conveys a ftange tumultuous found.

They now approach, they now appear,—

Phrenzy leads her *Chorus* near,

And Dæmons dance around,—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,

Revenge, and Malice fwell her train,—

Devotion warped—Affection croft—

Hope in Difappointment loft —

And

And injured Merit with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,—
Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter,—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
On *Thule's* desert shores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
(Rage the burthen of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
 All former scenes of dear delight,
 Connubial love—parental joy—
 No sympathies like these his foul employ,
 —But all is dark within, all furious black Despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
 By too much tenderness betrayed ;
 Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
 But flighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
 All—but in reason, still the same.—

Streaming eyes,

Incessant sighs,

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
 Point out to Pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost,
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
 She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
 On her sequester'd steps intrude?—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
 Merry mischief fills his brain.
 Blanket-robed, and antick crown'd,
 The mimick monarch skips around;
 Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
 And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,

Drawn from the inmost soul!

“ Give the knife, Demons, or the poisoned bowl,

“ To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—

—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief,

Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,

Duteous daughter of the skies,

To warm and chear the human mind,

To make men happy, good, and wise.

To point, where fits in love arrayed,

Attentive to each suppliant call,

The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father of us all.

First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
'Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
Bad Doubts to rise, and Tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependence lies.

But

But ah!—too thick they croud,—too close they throng,

Objects of pity and affright!—

Spare farther the descriptive song—

Nature shudders at the sight.—

Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,

But o'er the hapless groupe low drop Compassion's veil.

F I N I S.



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